

# O'Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 30.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



## IRLAND ALL THERE, ONCE AGAIN.

*The O'Sloper, equal to the occasion, welcomes the Prince and Princess of Wales to the shores of the Emerald Isle, to the tune of "Come back to Erin." HOOROOH!*

### THE STORY OF A SUNDIAL.



1. Old Mr. Mummer has a Sundial fixed in his garden.

2. "Peter!" said he to his servant, one fine day, "go and see the time by the new dial."

3. Peter is puzzled. He remarked afterwards, he thought it must have stopped as he could not hear it tick.

4. So he takes it up.

5. "I can't make it out, sir," said Peter; "perhaps you will please look for yourself."

### MOTH-EATEN MATILDA.

A COMPANION TO MILDEWED MUGGINS.

#### CHAPTER I.

SURELY never had eyes lighted on an object so strange and so unearthly.

She was an old woman, so old, indeed, as to have numbered nearly a hundred years. Her head uncovered by cap or bonnet displayed a mass of white hair that hung down on her back and shoulders, and even partly across her face, not sufficiently, however, to conceal two dark orbits within which her dimmed eyes faintly glimmered.

Her nose was long, and thin, and pointed, and projecting to the very mouth, which, drawn backwards at the angles by the tense muscles, wore an expression of hideous laughter.

Over her dirty, ragged gown she wore the cast off coat of a soldier, giving her uncouth figure the semblance of an aged baboon at a village show.

Her voice, broken by coughing, was a low feeble trille that seemed to issue from passages where lingering life had left scarce a trace of vitality. She sat fidgeting on a heap of bricks and stones, and amused herself cracking her knuckle-joints with reports like small pistol-shots, while she smoked a pipe.

"Don't take no heed on her, young gentleman," said Mildewed

Muggins, "It's only my old woman. I call her Moth-Eaten Matilda—a term of endearment. She was once as likely a lass as you could hope to meet with in a long summer's day, but the damp and darkness down here have, as it were, taken the bloom off the peach. She means well, but she ain't much to look at."

The remarks were made in the mysterious subterranean chamber, or rather passage, under the Bank of England to which the two Dawdlers, Blood-stained Bill and Alexander, had penetrated at the invitation of the wretched old man who had been there, as he said, a miserable captive for sixty-eight weary years.

It was extraordinary, if you come to think of it, how all that time his place of concealment had not been discovered.

Barholme Lane is a busy place. Thousands of people must pass up and down it every week, and yet here had the Bank of England remained hidden and unsuspected.

This only tends to show what dark and terrible mysteries may exist in our very midst. It is awful to think of.

"Has the old lady helped you at the excavating business, sir?" asked Blood-stained Bill.

"No," replied the old man. "'Twas but for the pleasure of my Matilda's society that I have detained her here. Before the damp took hold of her she used to sing to me very sweetly."

"Perhaps," said Alexander, "she will tip us a stave now; 'twill while away the time."

Matilda shook her head. "I cannot sing the old song," she said. "A new one will do well enough for us," replied Bill. "I feel as if I could enjoy the 'Fanny Bosson'."

"No, no," interrupted the old man, "we must to work. See, here are a spade and a pick-axe. You, Bill, take one; you, Alexander, the other. We must divide the labour equally between us. I will hold the candle!"

Without another word they fell to, and beneath the very first blow of the pick the old brickwork gave way, and a great gap in the wall revealed a glare of light before them.

The work of sixty-eight years was of a sudden completed. They had broken into the strong room of the Bank of England.

(To be continued next week.)

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries.

ERNEST AUGUSTINE (Liverpool).—*Sorry we have no room for your "thriller."*—W. C. (New Barracks Gosport).—*As has been already shown in the "HALF-HOLIDAY," the SLOPERS are a very old family, and came over with the Conqueror.*—L. M. T.—*The Emment sends his autograph with much pleasure.*—ARCHER UP—*Edward Smith Stanley, the twelfth Earl of Derby, whose career on the turf lasted for nearly sixty years, was the founder of the Oaks, named after his seat in Surrey; of the Derby, named in his honour; and of the Meeting at Aintree, near Liverpool, where the Grand National is decided. His colours, before the year 1787, were green and white stripes. He was born on the festival of St. Partridge, and died 21st October, 1834. Sans Changer—the motto of his race—may well be applied to his untiring devotion to all manly sports. "He was English, sir, from top to toe!"*—BILLY BLAZE (Bradford).—*The woollen manufacture is stated to have originated in Babylonia.*—MILLESANT. *Your's is a pretty common name. "Silence" isn't.*—A SUFFERER.—*If you put two persons in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache, and the other is in love, you will find the one who has the toothache will go to sleep first.*—A PRETTY LITTLE DUCK.—*writes to know if we can tell her why such a curious diversity exists in discriminating by names the sexes of swans. "S sometimes," she says, "the pair of names are cock and hen, sometimes cob and pen; while in one district," she says, "the pair are called Tom and Jerry." The latter certainly is a strange appellation (A. SLOPER always understood it was a drink) for a female bird. A. S. can't answer A PRETTY LITTLE DUCK's other question. Wait till he catches her on the "hop."*—AN EARLY RISER.—*Never heard of such a thing. Brush with hasty steps the dew away.*—MOTHER-IN-LAW.—*"Nudging." This should be spelt "knagging." To "knag" v.s. to tease, to worry.*—C. F. YING CLERK.—*You ought to be hung for executing such dreadful deeds.*

For announcement of £3:3:0 Weekly Prize, see page 115.

## A BEAUTY COMPETITION.

£2:2:0

and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given to the best-looking young lady, married or single, who will send her photograph (cabinet or carte-de-visite) to Miss Sloper, with the name and address of the sender written on the back. There is no limit as to age, and the photographs will be returned if a stamped envelope accompanies them. The list will close April 25th.

99, SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

### JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

MRS. O'BALLAGHAN says she is uncommon fond of singing and likes going to the opera, but she really must say as she don't think much of the "refreshments" as you gets there, which it is only high screams.

An old lady, whose husband lately bought a country house, writes to say that there is now no danger of any one falling off the roof, as they have just had a handsome new *parquette* built all round it.

MRS. SLOPER knows a young man, a real "fetching" be-collared, be-cuffed, and be-toothpicked young man, who, when he orders his B and S, at the Mendicity bar, asks prettily the struck-of-a-heap Hebe for a dudgeon. This young man asserts that all who see him are "gone" on him, and that even potatoes with "eyes" about them are instantly "mashed."

FORE AND AFT—"Four and Halved!" as A. SLOPER murmured, as he endeavoured to reach the gangway of a river steamer on Bank Holiday.

HERE! it ain't no use your argefyin' me, so yer'd better slow yer patter an' be civil; 'Cos my temper ain't a sweet'un, don't yer see? An' I'm easy rid'd by that there sort o' driv'l. Don't you make no gay mistake, my bloom'n' pal, What I does I does to please myself, not you; If it pleases me to jump upon my gal, Don't you interfere, or you'll get jump't on too.

WHY is a little girl who is just coming out of a chandler's shop, after having purchased a farden dip, like a person who is leaving home, and has got to run two miles to catch a train, and ten minutes to do it in?—Because she goes out with a rush. Hurray!

"Not here?" said the man from the County Court, "where's he gone to?" "I can't say—he's dead."

THE "MOSAIC" LAW.—Make as many brand-new mosaics as you can possibly produce, and sell them at fabulous prices to English tourists as antique.

A FROG was croaking in a meadow 1 day and sor an nox. Having never seed a nox be 4. he thrt he was big. Prezzently a nuther frog came in and the first frog told him hall about it. "How big wars he?" axed the 2nd frog, as he puff d hiss-if hout; "wor he as big as this?" "Mutch bigger," says the 1st. "As big as this?"—and he puff d himself hout n'aw. "Mutch bigger," said the 1st. "Well," ses the 2nd, "but it's illovenen. f r me to puff myself hout maw, and I mite doo myself a iojery; so I shall have to himagin what your hex was like."

[Sensible frog.]



FASHION FANCIES—By Miss Sloper.  
No. 50—"The Early Spring" Costume.



"Her Besom Friend."



The first to a certainty.



RACING TERMS.  
A Dark Outsider.



THE COMING ACAD. MY.  
"One on the Nose."  
By a Royal Academician.



WHAT WE MAY SEE.

Golden Youth—"Er—is the Stage Doorkeeper at home—or—I mean in?" Stage Doorkeeper—"I am he—I mean she. Oh, what lovely flowers! are they for me?"



Portrait of a gentleman who had a "relekay" time of it this Easter.

THERE is a great deal in sympathy, and in no condition of life are its sweet effects manifested so strikingly as on the domestic hearth. For instance, when a wife gives a good deal of attention to her mirror, how often does a husband take to his glass as well.

HE was a great diner out, and his appetite was alarming. "I passed by your house yesterday, B," he said. "Now, that was friendly," said B, wringing his hand. "Hah! daresay you call that smart." "Only a fair return, if it is," said B. "You've often made me smart." "When?" "When the leg of mutton has been small." "Well, hang me, I—" "No apologies," said B, airily, "ta, ta!"

A PERFECT RIDDLE—A railway traveller who had made a very long journey and consequently whose ticket had almost been destroyed by the various guards' clippers, on giving up the same at its destination, was told that "it could not be made out," to which he promptly replied, "No wonder, it being a perfect riddle."

COME, hint to your guardian, Maud,  
What the blind bat might have known;  
Come, hint to your guardian, Maud,  
That with me you will mate alone,  
With me you will mate alone.

SCHOOLMASTERS, as is well known, have a plan of reversing question and answer, with a view of making a matter quite clear. This does not always work well judging by the following:—A schoolmaster in Yokelton asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." Varying the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, he asked, "What then do land and water make?" to which came the immediate response, "Mud." Good boy, that!

HE had been sitting in the sun. "Plea-h, shir, masher's gone to—hic—Oakham." The other one was rather deaf. "Gone to pick which?" he exclaimed, with a look of horror and amazement. "Pick oakum! Oh, come, I say!"

A YOUNG gentleman who has recently contracted a matrimonial alliance with a stout elderly party who has a thousand or so in the Funds, says it was not his wife's face which attracted him so much as her figure. There is something in this.

WERE I a bee, I'd fly to sip  
The ecia'd honey of your lip.  
Were I a bird, I'd cleave the air  
To gently fan your forehead fair  
Were I a mouse, with joy I'd greet  
The pattering of your tiny feet.  
Were I a palfrey, oh, how fair  
I'd feel your grasp upon my rein!  
Were I a twilight bat, by stealth  
I'd nestle in your ringlets' wealth:  
But, as things are, I'll—drink your health!

MANY persons are very severe upon those High Church parsons who go to extremes, but is it not proceeding a little too far when they aver that everyone who wears a stole must necessarily be a prig?

INTERESTING to Nephews.—Young Fred Harduppe, speaking of his family and friends, says that he has one relative who is a regular "jewel" to raise money when it is wanted. This is his cur-uncle, which, under ordinary circumstances, he wears on his finger.

A GOOD many reasons have been given why a ship is by common consent designated as of the female gender. Another has just turned up. No, it isn't because she is in stays, nor anything of the kind. It is because so much attention has to be paid to her rigging.

DENTAL MEN—Circumstances alter cases. There are times when things are not themselves any more than men are. A tooth is not a tooth when it is a king.

IT is a bad plan to divide a sermon into too many heads, for this reason—that there may be considerable difficulty on the part of the congregation in finding ears for all of them.

To the chap as has plenty of wealth,  
And to him as no riches inherits,  
The best way to keep up his health  
Is to thoroughly keep up his spirits.  
But spirits, like pleasure, is fleetin',  
And p-o-rched must be m-n-y a throttle,  
If they be not used up in treatin',  
But corked up and kept in a bottle!

"A SAILOR should always be frank and honest, open and above-board," says a contemporary. Perfectly true—more than that, he should never be over-board either, which, though it sounds like being above-board, is not the same thing by any means.

IT is not good behaviour to ride outside an omnibus in order that a lady may have room to ride inside. No gentleman should ever oblige a lady, although he may persuade her—if he can.

AT a school examination in Wiltshire, the other day, a young female read a poem of three hundred and eighty-nine verses. After the first hundred or so had been read the examiners became averse to hearing any more—which made it three hundred and ninety.

WHEN one is in a hurry it is no good adopting "half-and-half" measures; so when you are really pushed for time at a railway station for a glass of the above-mentioned beverage, your best plan will be to "ail a porter."

THERE are, it is too well known, innumerable bad characters who enlist as soldiers, but, when one comes to think of it, this is not so much to be wondered at, because, don't you see, every branch of an army must have its camp.

WHEN Mike was courting Kitty Mill,  
He beg'd—a-luv-ers often will—  
In accents softly spoken,  
That she one lock of golden hair,  
From her fair head to him would spare,  
By way of a love-token.

Now Mike and Kit are man and wife,  
Their courting's turn'd to married strife,  
And sad a difference makes it,  
Though still attracted by her hair,  
He's now beg'd a lock she'll spare,  
But out in handfult takes it!

WHAT is a rehearsal? A re-hearsal? Let me see. Ah! it is when undertakers, after the ceremony, re-mount their sombre vehicle for the animated but somewhat incongruous converse of the return journey.

LUNAR.—There is a popular superstition that there is a man in the moon; but it is a fact that in a hon-y-moon the male person invariably has a lady companion. When his mother-in-law makes one of the party (which is not often) he has two.

THERE'S no pleasing some people. The very man who advertised for a plain cook, after all married his own pretty housemaid.

A THING is popularly supposed to be worth what it will fetch. If this is so, then even the most valuable retriever is only worth the stick which his master throws into the water, and which it fetches.

## MISS SLOPER AND THE MAGISTRATE.

Yes; I was summoned to the Court. Lord Bob summoned me but it wasn't a police-court, as it happened, although there was a Magistrate there. It was to the Court Theif, of course, where Lord Bob had got a box. The above is my fun, and now let me try and tell you all about it:—



Colonel Lukyn: JOHN CLAYTON.

ate of Bengal, has been invited to dinner, and is coming on the day following that on which the story opens. He has known Posket in his bachelor days, and he is not altogether unacquainted with the history of the Magistrate's better-half. Mrs Posket fears greatly that her secret respecting her age may pop out over the port and that during the desert the Colonel may regale her husband with dates. The only way to avoid the dreaded exposure is at once to pay a visit to the Colonel, and beg that he will hold his tongue as to the year in which he stood godfather to her son.

You can pretty well guess from this that there is a good deal of fun in Pinner's new play, and the acting all round is just simply first rate. Mrs John Wood, to begin with, is immense, and Marion Terry as the wolfish girl screamingly droll. Arthur Cecil as the good magistrate gone wrong, was very funny. Clayton too was very good, and Eversfield an awfully fast boy. A'bet Sims and Cape and Gilbert Trent and Miss Norr-ys and Miss La Coste were really all capital. I expect that magistrate will run a lot in to the little Court.

I said last week I had something to tell you about Lord Bob, but that must stand over till next week, when I shall have also to tell you about George Hatty at the Goulet Garden Circus.

I haven't seen the Honorable Billy lately, I fancy since the Militia have been called out he has been hiding somewhere most likely under his bed.

I went to the Grand the other night to see a nautical four act drama, written by F. W. Broughton, entitled "Before the Mast." The piece was originally brought out a year ago at the Olympic on the occasion of a morning performance, but it has been since advantageously strengthened in construction, and now with the advantage of a very capable actor like J. H. Clynds to represent the chivalrous hero, Harold Watson of her Majesty's war-sloop Seagull, effectively supplies the series of exciting situations required for a drama of this kind.



Mrs. Posket: ARTHUR CECIL.



Charlotte: MARION TERRY.

Agatha Posket: MRS. JOHN WOOD.

I forgot to mention last week that I had been to the Imperial to see a new play, called "Muddles," written by "Messrs. Jessop and Gill, of New York." It is not so bright as "Confusion" or nearly so bustling as "Nita's First," but it served its purpose fairly well. The pivot of the piece was Mr. Harry St. Maur, a light comedian of the Charles Wyndham school, who has a very pleasant manner, an easy confidence with his audience, and a thorough knowledge of his business.

## TO OUR READERS.

## THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY STORY EVER WRITTEN!

On March 7th we published the Opening Chapter of

## A GREAT COMPETITION STORY,

which may be contributed to a Chapter each week by any purchaser of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" desirous of competing for the Weekly Prize of

£3 : 3 : 0

The Story is one of Modern Life, dealing with a DARK and TERRIBLE MYSTERY, the unravelling of which depends upon the imaginative powers of those who undertake the allotted task. The Prize of £3 : 3 : 0 for Chapter VI., printed hereunder, has been awarded to

J. ADAMS, 91 Rothschild Road, South Acton.

The first Chapter showed in what way the evidences of a FEARFUL CRIME were brought to light, and the subsequent Chapters (up to Competition) must carry the Story a Stage farther each week, leaving the final development of the plot to be told in the Chapters yet to come. The STORY to be told in Eight Chapters, including the first, published March 7th. Each Chapter must not be less than half a column in length, and not more than a column, and for the best Chapter selected each week, a Prize of £3 : 3 : 0 together with the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT," will be given; and a like amount and the same Honours for Chapters Seven and Eight.

NOTE.—All MSS. must be addressed to

The Editor of

"THE GREAT COMPETITION STORY,"

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" Office,

99, Shoe Lane, E.C.

COUPON.  
T.G.C.S.  
APRIL 11, '85.

and should reach the Office by first post Saturday morning, accompanied by the Coupon cut from the "Half-Holiday" of the same week. If the MSS. be accompanied by a stamped wrapper, it will ensure their safe return in case of rejection. The MSS. for Chapter Seven should reach the Office by Saturday, April 11th. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published midday Thursday, which allows half of Thursday and the whole of Friday for writing the Chapter to be sent in; to arrive at the Office not later than first post Saturday morning.

## OUR PRIZE STORY.

## THE BLACK BOX.

CHAPTER VI. (PRIZE £3 : 3 : 0). BY J. ADAMS.

IN an instant the porter and the keeper rushed upon Crawshaw, and, after a severe struggle, managed to secure him firmly.

"Good God!" exclaimed Evelyn, after he had regained his breath, "Why, he is raving mad; and to think," he added, in a broken voice, "that he should accuse me, his best friend, of being his wife's murderer."

"You must not take any notice of that," answered the porter; "I have noticed that most mad people seem to bear a fierce hatred to those who have been their best friends."

"Ah, it is you, Horace Merritt, who has brought my friend to this!" said Evelyn, in a savage voice, appearing not to hear the porter. "By Heavens! I swear here most solemnly not to rest night or day until I have brought you to justice. I call upon you," he added, turning to the porter and keeper, who were staring at him in open-mouthed astonishment, "to be witnesses to my oath. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir, we hear," responded the keeper; "but I hope you will not be running yourself into any danger, and I should advise you first to take a rest, as you look pretty well knocked up."

"Did you not hear me swear neither to rest night or day? but," he continued, turning and looking sidly at Crawshaw, who was lying on the bed with his eyes closed, bound hand and foot. "See that you treat this gentleman kindly, and there is something for your trouble," placing a couple of sovereigns in the keeper's hand. "Now I must be going."

"Thank you, kindly, sir," said the keeper. "The porter here will show you out."

In less than two minutes Evelyn was in a cab driving back towards the hotel, where he had determined to go to think over his plans. Upon arriving there he was met by the waiter, who informed him that the detective was waiting for him inside. Evelyn at once dismissed the cab, and made his way to the sitting-room, where he met the detective.

"Good morning," said Evelyn. "I am glad you are here; you are the very person I wished to see. I have seen Mr. Crawshaw," and he then went on to relate the whole of the events of his visit.

"I am truly sorry to hear that Mr. Crawshaw is in such a state," said the detective, after Evelyn had finished his story, "for I believe he is quite innocent of his wife's murder."

"Innocent," exclaimed Evelyn—"of course he is. I never thought him guilty."

"Unhappily," said the detective, "everybody is not of your opinion. But now to business. You must first know that this case has been put entirely into my hands. I have put half-a-dozen officers round Merritt's house to watch it, but have given them strict orders not to enter; because if, as I suspect, this Merritt has some secret entrance, he would at once take alarm, and never be seen again. What I propose first is this—we two shall go this very day, and thoroughly explore the house, and see if we can find the secret passage, if there is one."

"Agreed," cried Evelyn, in an excited voice. "We will go at once." In a few moments they were hurrying on towards the house.

"I thought," said the detective, "it would be a wise precaution to come fully prepared for any emergency, so I have brought these to us," drawing out two deadly revolvers of the Colt pattern. "Will you accept one?"

"Thanks, very much," responded Evelyn. "I am extremely glad you had the forethought to bring these, because I have a presentiment that we shall see Horace Merritt to-day."

"I hope and trust you may be right," said the detective, "for I feel as much interest in this case as if my own flesh and blood were connected with it." It did not take them much longer to arrive at the same door as Evelyn had entered when treacherously led by Kelly, when they were met by a sergeant of police.

"Have you any fresh news to tell me?" asked the detective. "Nothing at all, sir," replied the sergeant. "We have kept a strict watch upon the house, but have not seen or heard anyone moving."

"Very good," exclaimed the detective. "Are your men within call?" "Yes, sir," replied the sergeant; "one low whistle would bring them all here at once."

"My friend and myself are going to thoroughly search the house," said the detective. "so if you hear me give three shrill whistles, you must at once rush in. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," responded the sergeant. "You shall be obeyed." The detective and Evelyn then made their way through the cellar, in exactly the way that Evelyn had traversed it not long before, and were soon in the room where Evelyn and Merritt had met.

"I think it would be best to thoroughly search this room before we go any farther," said Evelyn.

"Hist!" responded the detective; "I fancy I heard footsteps on the stairs. Listen! we must hide," he continued. "There is someone coming this way—perhaps to this very room. Quick, behind these curtains!"

They had just hid themselves, when the door was pushed open and a man walked in. It was Merritt, and he was half-dragging a poor girl along—the same girl who had arrived at the hotel at the time Crawshaw was attempting to take his life.

"Now, vixen," said Merritt, his eyes gleaming fiercely, "will you tell me where those letters are?"

"No," firmly responded the girl, "not if you were to kill me on this very spot; although you are my brother, I hate and loathe the very sight of you. Why don't you let me go free?"

"I will free you," hissed Merritt, almost foaming at the mouth, at the same time drawing from his breast a long keen dagger and walking towards her; "you can't say that your brother refused your last request." Evelyn could not restrain himself any longer, rushing forward, he pointed his revolver full at Merritt's head.

"Villain!" he cried, "advance one step and you are a dead man!" J. ADAMS, 91 Rothschild Road, South Acton.

(To be continued by anyone who chooses to write the next chapter.)

## ANOTHER PROPHET.

I KNOW nothing of the pasty-faced baker you speak of. . . . Gammon, do you think? . . . Very likely. . . . It is not given to everybody to be prophetic. My regular business is sweetstuff, cheap toys, and the Sunday Papers, but between whites I study the stars a little, and keep an eye on the spring-tides and eclipses.



He attracted my attention.

I also will at my shop, about the best and biggest "penny smokes" you can find in the S.E. district.

I won't say I'm always too weak or too with the eclipses, or pull the tides off to the instant minute else my sister-in-law, perhaps, wouldn't have been washed suddenly out of the back kitchen, through the front, and up the area steps during the last Lumbeth inundation, which another prophet, by some accident, happened to time correctly a couple of months before my date. The penny smokes I spoke of are really splendid—tremendously full-flavoured, and keep alight nearly all through.

I daresay I was born a prophet, though I have not heard that my mamma or the nurse noticed anything uncommon about me in the earlier stages. I wear my beard rather long, now I have reached the years of discretion (I'm about eighty), and have a grizzled and venerable look, which is impressive, so that when I take my walks abroad, little boys, who are well up in their sixpenny Scott, sing out, sometimes, "Here's another Guy!" but generally leave out the Manneering. I took one of my walks abroad the other afternoon, and found myself in Fleet Street, jostled by a crowd of sporting gents and literary gentlemen, and fell into a pensive attitude and pondered, and while I was thus engaged a sprightly youth attracted my attention.

I thought at first he wanted to pick my pocket, and formed a mean opinion of his powers of selection, when there must have been such a lot of other picks to abut with so much more in them; but presently I saw fit to alter my opinion.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but ain't you Higgins of Bromondsey?" I owned to it. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but ain't you a prophet?" I owned I did a little that way after hours. "Well, then," said he, "is 'Bullfrog' safe for the Scratch and Walk-over?"

I bent my head down and inclined my ear towards this young man, and asked him to say it over again quietly, and he did. I then asked him what he meant? He said, he thought everybody knew that the Scratch and Walk-over was to be run next day, and that "Bullfrog" was second favourite. I asked him what all that had got to do with me; and he said that, of all men in the world, I ought to be able to tell him about "Bullfrog."

I told him my prophecies were confined to eclipses and spring-tides, with now and then a comet or two, and that I was surprised at his impudence, and hoped he would not venture to address me again. . . .

Next morning, early, I looked out of the shop, and saw that same young man outside upon the pavement.

"I've been waiting here a couple of hours," said he, "I couldn't sleep. You know the right horse. I'll stake my life, and you must tell me."

I said, "Confound you and your horses! I've been dreaming all night of your bullfrogs and bulldogs." The young man shrieked joyously, "Did you say 'Bulldog'? Why, that's at fifty to one."

I explained, "If I said 'Bulldog,' I only said it for the sake of the poetry and the alliteration; I hadn't a notion there was such a horse."

"Gammon!" he shouted, "it's your pick. It was mine too once, when I could have got a hundred easy. What a fool I was! But now I'll put on every farthing I have in the world."

"For heaven's sake don't!" cried I, but he heeded me not, slapped me on the back, and fled with a yell of triumph.

That afternoon he returned. I was sunning myself at the shop door, and he ran at, and caught me in his arms. "Bulldog" has done it!" he cried. "You must have a five-pound note for your share, and you must tell me what's to win the Cup to-morrow."

I repudiated the five-pound note for ever so long, and only took it at last under protest. I also took two glasses of strong ale under protest, and they made me feel very poorly. "And now," says he, "what is it for the Cup—Bullropon, Belphegor, Bunkum, or Bobjack?"

I was in a sarcastic mood. I said, "Go it for 'Bontjick.'"

"You mean it?" I said, "I do. If I went it for anything, I'd go it for 'Bontjick.'"

He shook my hand solemnly, and went away—to go it, I suppose, for "Bontjick."

I had been wondering what on earth could have become of that young man, and whether so much "Bontjick" agreed with him.

I had chuckled once or twice as I had thus reflected. I was going to have the front of my shop repainted out of that five pounds. Should it be sky-blue and crimson, or green and scarlet? Hail, here he is.

He was a brutal young man, with no respect for a venerable party's silvery locks. He called me a swindling old humbug, and belaboured my poor bones till I thought there wasn't a whole one left in my body.

He wanted to know what I meant by pretending I was a prophet, and swindling people that way. Well! I like that.

Somehow, in the scuffle, too, I dropped the five-pound note, and now I can't find it anywhere. How my poor old bones do ache! Perhaps, on the whole, eclipses and spring tides pay best. I believe I mentioned the penny smokes if you should be passing my way.



He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

He belaboured my poor bones.

Prospectuses and full particulars on application to PROFESSOR SLOPER, 99, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

# SLOPER TAMES THE UNRULY.



1. Our dear old friend ALLY has hit upon a system for Bringing Boys not Generally Understood to a sense of their situation. Music is the chief ingredient, and—there are Others.



2. ALLY's first pupil was all that could be desired in the shape of intractability. His Mamma, a lady of singular intelligence, had the greatest faith in ALLY, and he at once began operations.



SOMETHING IN IT.

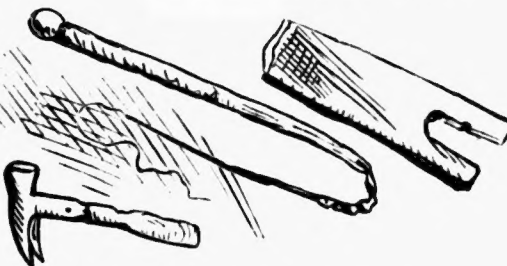
Bobby. "It seems to me that you boys are getting all the plums now. Never mind; our turn will come again soon."



MORE RACING TERMS  
Making a Big Book.



3. This is ALLY doing the Persuasive.



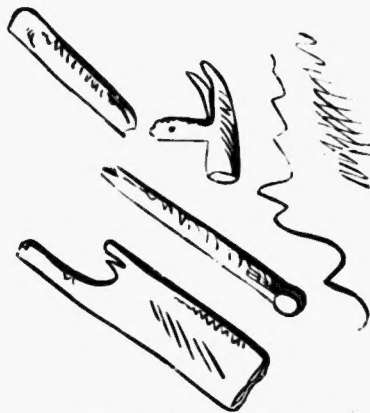
4. These are the other ingredients above-mentioned.



5. This is the Unruly, impervious to Persuasive Arts.



6. This is ALLY after having tried his own ingredients.



7. These are the Ingredients after the first lesson.



8. This is the Unruly more unruly than ever. And ALLY has been paid in advance for his board for a month, and has spent the money.



A NEW VERSION  
"Then lay on, Macduff."



KNOWLEDGE IS STRENGTH.

"I say, Jack, what's Post Meridian?"  
"Why, the first post in the morning, of course."

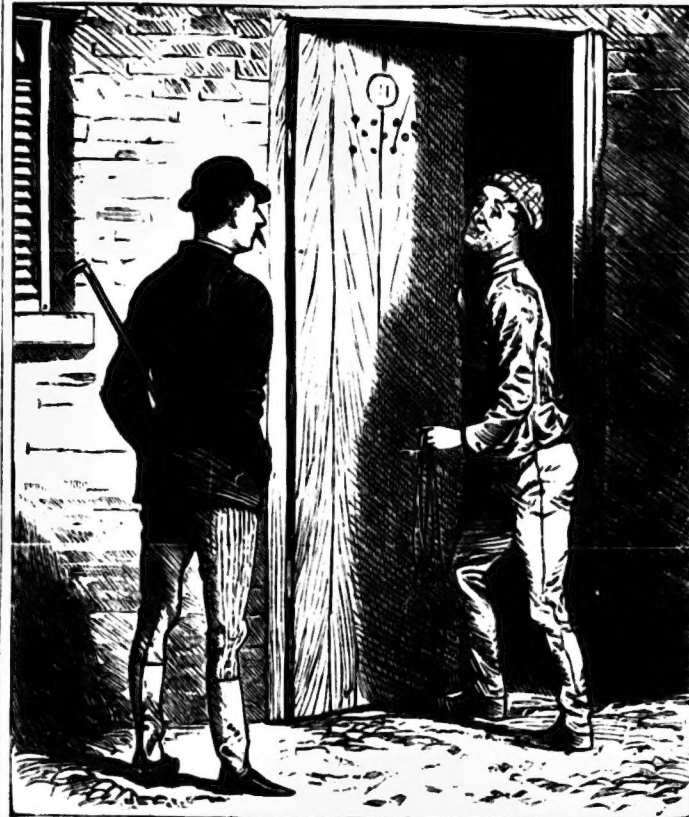


THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.  
Chorus.—We're all on the "pong."



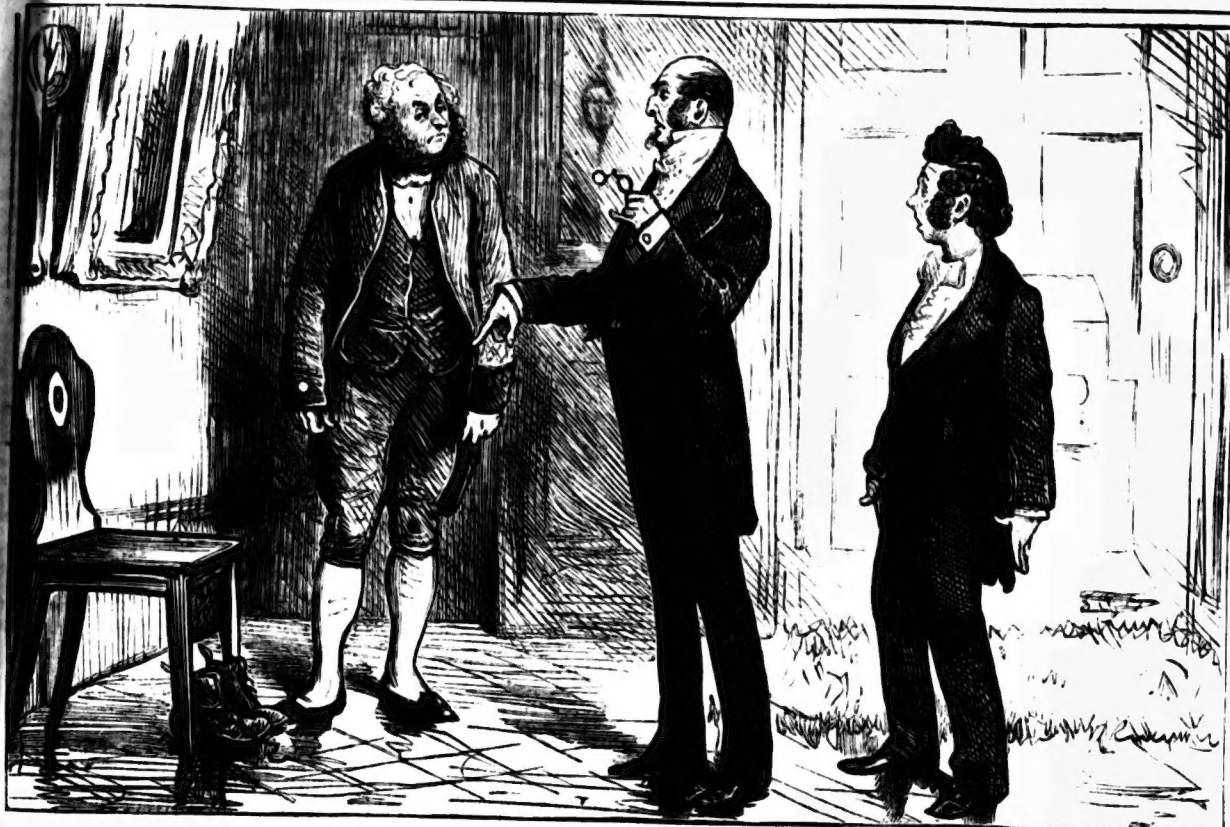
A SPRING CLEANING.

Cook. "The smell of this 'ere paintin' is enough to give anyone the 'art-burn."



A SHORT ANSWER.

Young Swell (who is tired of waiting). "Ostler, how long will my horse be?"  
Ostler (busy). "Same length as he was when you left 'im, sir, 'an he'll be ready in a minit."



## A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

There was once upon a time a poor little snob who went to dine with an awful nob, and in the entrance hall he modestly changed his muddy boots for pumps. Now it fell out that the awful nob took the little snob over the house, and came upon the muddy boots aforesaid, and ordered a domestic to fling them into the street, which was done, the little snob not daring to utter a word in explanation.



A friend of Sloper's suggesting that the Eminent should put up for Parliament. "With burden of our armor, here we sweat."—King John.



## THE RETURN OF HENRY.

Seedy Individual (passing well-known London Manager on Waterloo Bridge, in a high wind). "Oh, there goes the work of many weary months! On, I was on my way to submit it to Mr. Irving! 'Oh!' W.K.L.M. presses a little cheque for a large amount, which he happens to have about him, into Seedy Individual's hand, who glances at the cheque (to see it is not crossed), sees signature, exclaims—"What! are you the great Henry Irving?" but the W.K.L.M. having passed on, he winks, and exits.

## MORE RAILWAY IMPERANCE ON EASTER MONDAY.



Still they were thirsty.



Stand, or I fire!



1. "If I were you, mum, I should have it put in the guard's brake."



2. Guard. "Want to put it in my brake, mum? All right."



3. In at last.



## ANOTHER CONVENT CASE.

A girl is buried to her knees, and condemned to scrub for ever. Surprising effect of the exercise on her bicep.



4. "Third-class in front! Now then, mum, look alive!"



5. Porter. "Ullo there! you musn't attempt to get into the train while it's in motion."



6. "Good gracious! My bundle's gone on, and I'm left behind!" (Old Lady collapses.)



## A HERO NE'S HUSBAND.

Mrs. Jones of Ark. "William, I'm quite certain there's burglars in the house. If I were you I should go downstairs and see. I'll lock myself in."  
Mr. J. "Oh, no, my dear; if you were me you wouldn't do any such thing. Suppose we both lock ourselves in instead?"  
[And they did.]



An Easter Mondayist.



"Take a light?"



## A FLEA IN HIS EAR.

Policeman. Now, then, show yer ticket please.



## A STRIKING EXAMPLE.

Sweeper. What's the row with me? Whv. I've gone on strike like the rest of yer.

## ALLY-CAMPANE.

WHY can't people conduct Papers properly, without libelling other people? Now suppose—which I might easily do, and prove the truth of my statements—supposing I were to keep calling Iky Moses a liar and thief, as he is, and Lord Bob a stingy, sneaking cur, and the Dook a swindling old vagabond and the disonorable Billy a sponging blackguard—which is all as true as go pee—what a row I might get into. The event of the week is Mrs. Weldon getting her six months for libelling M. Riviere. Six months means all the summer. I shouldn't like to be in her shoes, I must say.



NORA charged Florence with assaulting her. It transpired that the plaintiff was in the shop of a professor of china painting, when the defendant entered and charged her with sending two love-letters to the professor. This was denied but Florence pushed her out of the shop. Nora admitted sending a Christmas card to the professor, and it was handed to the magistrates, who pronounced it "harmless." Florence having made some remarks to the effect that the professor had "deceived" her, the magistrates inflicted a fine of one shilling and costs.

A PECULIARLY ghastly experiment in furtherance of the ends of justice, has been performed in Paris. A chemist named Kel is charged with having murdered his female servant, who mysteriously disappeared some months ago and disposed of her body by burning it in a stove. He says that the stove in question is much too small to be put to such a purpose. To prove that it is not so, the prosecution having had a facsimile made of the stove, asked for and obtained an order from a Judge of Instruction, which was sanctioned by the Prefect of Police, for a dead body from one of the hospitals. In possession of this corpse, they proceeded to cut it up into pieces and fed the stove, which they had lighted, with the fragments. The result, so far as it went, was in confirmation of the theory of the prosecution. In a surprisingly short time the whole body was consumed, and nothing remained but a few ashes.

A FEW days ago the firm of Sir W. Armstrong launched on the Tyne what is likely to prove one of the most powerful and fastest cruisers afloat. She was actually built in eleven months, and in another four will be ready for war. It sounds quite breezy and business-like, and the only drop of bitterness in the cup of national satisfaction, is the fact that this warlike cruiser has been built for the Japanese Government. If it had been for England, of course there would have been no hurry.

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland should please all right-thinking Pats. Their Royal Highnesses travel from England in one of the Royal yachts. If any other but the Grand Old Jam-pot Government had been in power, this visit might have been postponed until a more favourable moment; but we must hope for the best, and trust that the Prince's genial presence will do much towards obtaining for him that cordial welcome which should be his due.

"I WONDER how many masculine heads off in London are rendered supremely happy by a snowfall on a Sunday morning?" says a writer in a contemporary. "It would be mad as to go to church, my dear; snow-water soaks through any sole." When I said this, my own dear one replied severely, "I wish you'd think more of your othersoul."



Did the old girl refer to the upper leather?

A WRONGED husband found his runaway wife with her companion at a railway hotel. Calling in the strong arms of friends the party took the lady and the lover into their own hands. They ducked that lover in a horse trough; they pumped upon him; they threw cold water upon his most cherished aspirations; nor was their revenge complete until they had doused him with a convenient bucket of barley-meal. No dignity could survive the last indignity.

As white as a miller, as moist as an eel.  
In a ditch tried that lover his girl to conceal.  
But they rooked him out and gave it him worse.

A YOUNG couple who had been staying at an hotel in Marseilles under false names as man and wife, determined the other day to commit suicide. The woman's heart failing, the man fired at her with her consent, and the second shot taking effect in her head, the unfortunate man shot himself, fracturing his skull. On the road to the hospital the woman pulled a revolver out of her pocket, trying to give herself the coup de grace from doing which he was prevented. From the confused statement of the man it is believed that they eloped from England in consequence of their friends declining to agree to their engagement, and being without any money, finally determined on self-destruction. Still, you know, this sort of thing gives a lot of trouble, and makes a great mess.

THE "knitting-needle milk test" is so easy and efficient that its use may be entrusted even to our maid-servants. Take a dry and polished knitting-needle and dip it in the morning supply. If upon withdrawing it a single drop of the fluid adheres to the end of the needle, we may have with in the channel through which it enters our homes. If, however, the needle comes out without the tell-tale drop adhering to it, we may be sure that "Simpson" has had a hand in it.

THE Suez Canal business does not appear to be quite settled yet. It's a sort of thing that seems to crop up every now and then in the "Special Edition" when the other news runs short.

THE most ingenious man we have heard of for some time is one who, becoming prematurely bald, has had four wigs made, the hair of one short, the hair of the next a trifle longer, the hair of the third longer still, and the hair of the fourth quite too long for beauty. He wears one each week, beginning with the first. The effect achieved is just as if his hair were growing. When he gets to the long one and has worn it week he changes it to the short one again and his friends and acquaintances, not in the secret, believe he has had his hair cut.



THE movements of the Volunteers this year at Brighton created much more interest than heretofore. Since that far off battle, when the dog got shot, great changes have taken place in the world, and volunteering nowadays actually means fighting when called on.



THE benefit in aid of the Metropolitan Police Relief Fund was given at the Royal Music Hall, through the generosity of the proprietor, Mr. Purkis, the week before last. An elaborate programme had been provided for the occasion, and gave very evident satisfaction to the crowded audience. Among the artists who appeared were:—Miss Florence St. John, Miss Alice Atterton, Miss Madeline Rowell, Messrs. Lionel Brough, A. G. Varcoe, and Willie E. Quinn, the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, Signor Lambertini and Mr. G. H. Macdermott. A capital evening was brought to a close by a selection of music played by the very efficient band of the E division of the Metropolitan Police under the leadership of Mr. Woodhouse (late and Life Guard). Mr. Purkis gave the band and the police employed a handsome supper on the stage after the entertainment was ended, the kindness of the proprietor being greatly appreciated by all who sat down to the repast. Bravo, Purkis! He's a good sort, he is.

AN extraordinary incident is reported from a town in County Kilkenny. The occupants of a house were alarmed by hearing cries issuing from the chimney, and eventually a young man was extricated from it when on the point of suffocation. He then confessed that having been forbidden to pay his address to the daughter of the house, he determined to get into her room by means of the chimney. Mounting to the roof he entered the chimney but his progress was obstructed by some pieces of timber, and a fall of soot almost suffocated him. He cried out, and so aroused the occupants of the house. We don't often hear of suit and soot assimilating thusly.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB maintains in the new number of the *Illustrated Science Monthly* that Miss Lulu Hurst, the famous "magnetic girl," whose marvellous *tours de force* have created such a sensation in America, is only a woman who possesses great muscular power. So far from the "rosy country girl" moving heavy objects by merely touching them with her finger-tips, he declares that though she began to touch the object on which she performed with her fingers only, she used the strong palms of her hand, to bring about the desired result. Of course if this is true, the magnetic wonder ceases; but the muscular wonder is more marvellous still. A girl who can with one hand lift a chair on which one person sits while four others hold it down may well draw full houses, if only as a supreme example of the strength that is sometimes possessed by the weaker sex.

THE reserves are being looked up pretty vigorously, and the Hon'ble Billy wears an aspect of reserve of happy. It has been suggested to Billy that if he is put in front the enemy can't very well miss him.

AN honest toiler, having seized his wife by the hair of the head, kept knocking her down. He lifted her up each time by the hair of her head. He then punched her about the face, and, as she was afraid he would murder her, she tried to scratch him. He then knocked her down again, and put his right foot on her chest, and with his left foot he kicked her about the ribs and body until she became insensible. When a neighbourly red consciousness she got up and dragged herself into the passage, where she met her husband coming out of the kitchen. Without saying a word he seized her by both ears, and drew her towards him. He then gnawed her nose clean off. The prisoner pulled the portion of her nose out of his mouth and threw it away towards the end of the passage. She then again became insensible, and knew no more until she found herself in the Hospital. Would you believe it the sentence was actually six months hard labour and a separation? What next? Poor man! why not a Victoria Cross and five shillings out of the poor box?

"THE senseless cry of 'A Pekin!' says a Paris correspondent, 'has been pretty well abandoned.' After the precedent of 'A Berlin!' which proved to mean that the Germans were coming to Paris. ALLY can understand the triviality of the 'A Pekin!' furor, albeit the Celestials could hardly find their way to the gay city.

THE dead body of a midwife has been found in her room at Athlone, having been missed for several days. The door had to be forced open, and a number of starving fowls were discovered in the room. The body of the deceased was lying on the bed, which was covered with fowl litter, and the starving birds had picked out the eyes and otherwise disfigured the face.

WAR with Russia is among the latest scares. More reserves will be required if things don't settle themselves peaceably. A hundred and ten years ago, on the 28th April, 1795, things were lively over here, as this item of news from an old magazine will show:—"The justices of the peace and magistrates of cities and towns are authorised and required to send on board the Navy all able bodied, idle, and disorderly persons exercising no lawful employment, and not having some subsistence sufficient for their support and maintenance." I say Matties, what chee?



JAMES, a gardener and a married man, the other week eloped with his young servant, Rose, and took passages for America. He gave the tickets, with money and jewellery, to Rose for safe custody. On the way to Liverpool he left the train for a short time, and was left behind. On following to Liverpool he discovered that Rose had sailed with all his property, leaving him penniless. He has since written to his wife, asking her forgiveness, and promising, if she would take him back, never to desert her again. Good boy!

## A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL ELEVENTH.

In compliance with the expressed wish of Subscribers, we shall, in future, chronicle the Events of the Week as they come, instead of that past, the better to enable the reader to note the advent of an anniversary. Next week's chronicle, therefore, will comprise fourteen instead of seven days.

5th April, 1837.—Mr. T. Rakes writes, in his journal of this date:—"A day or two since, two fishermen found in the Seine, near the Isle of Swans a small wooden box bound with iron, which was much rusted. The lock was however, in good preservation and the box hermetically sealed. On the lid was distinguished some fleur-de-lis, partly effaced, and the initials, M. de V., surmounted by a double royal crown. The fishermen, on breaking open the box, discovered a man's head embalmed, in a perfect state of preservation; and at the bottom of it was a scarf, some dried flowers, and a small dagger, the point of which was stained with blood. One of the most celebrated historians of France purchased the box and its contents. The initials suggest the idea that the box formerly belonged to Margaret de Valois wife of Henry IV. and that the head is that of Coconas, which she had caused to be embalmed after his tragical death."

6th April, 1620.—The *Calendar of State Papers* (domestic series) of this date, says:—"Thomas Fulcray solicits the permission of Lord Zouch, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, to kill a hare on Good Friday, 'as huntsmen say that those who have not a hare against Easter must eat a red-herring.'"

6th April, 1348.—Laura de Noves died this day, of the plague. She was born in 1304 and is celebrated for having been beloved by Petrarch. He immortalized her charms in sonnets. Francis I., who compared a court with out ladies to a spring without flowers, caused Laura's tomb to be opened, and three verses upon her remains compimentary to her beauty, and the fame she derived from her lover's praises:—

"Time was her tresses, by the breathing air,  
Were wreathed to move a ringlet golden bright.  
Time was, her eyes diffused, unmeasured light,  
Thou now their lovely beams are waxing rare;  
Her face, methought, that in its beauty showed,  
Compassion, her angelic shape and walk—  
Her voice that seemed with heaven's own speech to talk.  
At these, what wonder that my bosom glowed!  
A living sun she seemed, a spirit of heaven!  
Those charms decline; but does my passion? No!  
I love not less—the slackening of the bow  
Assuages not the wound its shaft has given."

7th April, 1779.—Miss Reay was this day shot dead by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, as she was coming out of Covent Garden Theatre. Hackman then tried to shoot himself with another pistol. A refusal of his address occasioned this deed. Miss Reay had lived with Lord Sandwich seventeen years, by whom she had nine children. Hackman was executed on the 19th April. During the procession to Tyburn he seemed much affected, and said but little.

7th April, 1786.—On this day the celebrated catacombs of Paris were consecrated with great solemnity. There are different calculations as to the number of bones collected in the catacombs. It is, however, certain that they contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 of human beings.

8th April, 1663.—Below is a copy of the first play bill, issued at Drury Lane on this date:—

"By his Majesty's Company of Comedians

At the New Theatre, in Drury Lane,

This day, being Thursday, April 8, 1663,

will be acted

a Comedy, called

THE HUMEROUS LIEUTENANT.

|          |           |          |          |            |       |                |           |           |              |            |                |
|----------|-----------|----------|----------|------------|-------|----------------|-----------|-----------|--------------|------------|----------------|
| The King | Demetrius | Selerius | Leontius | Lieutenant | Celia | Mr. Wintersel. | Mr. Hart. | Mr. Burt. | Major Mahon. | Mr. Glynn. | Mrs. Marshall. |
|----------|-----------|----------|----------|------------|-------|----------------|-----------|-----------|--------------|------------|----------------|

The play will begin at 3 o'clock exactly.

Boxes 4s., Pit 2s. 6d., Middle Gallery 1s. 6d., Upper Gallery 1s.

9th April, 1747.—Lord Lovat was executed on Tower Hill, this day, for high treason. He was a depraved, bad man; and the coolness with which he wrought his profligate purposes throughout an abandoned life, he carried to the scaffold. He behaved with great propriety at his execution, repeating from Horace,

"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori."

"So much easier is it for a man to live well than to die well!" Several persons lost their lives by the falling of a scaffold on the occasion. Lovat, in spite of his awful situation, seemed to enjoy the downfall of so many Whigs. This was the last execution which took place on Tower Hill.

9th April, 1863.—Emma Jackson, a woman of light character, was this day murdered in a house in George-street, Bloomsbury, by a person who was seen to enter the premises with her about seven o'clock, a.m. This individual was never discovered, nor was any clue found by which he could be traced. A circumstance of great mystery, seeing there were people living in an adjoining room, and also immediately below that in which the death-struggle had taken place. The unfortunate girl was found dead, covered with wounds, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th, suspicion having been excited in the minds of some of the other female lodgers in the house at the long-continued quietness in her apartment.

10th April, 1854.—On this day, three men named Coomey, Quin, and Grant, were executed at Monaghan for murder. After partaking of a good breakfast, they walked together in the prison-yard smoking. When pitted, Coomey replied he never felt so happy; he was sure of meeting his Saviour! Quin and Grant were first taken to the scaffold. Quin said, "Hell cannot now scare us;" and, addressing the hangman, "he's doing the best job ever done for us." When they were hanged, the crowd shrieked and yelled. Coomey came next. "I am quite content; I am going to my God," said he. When the rope was adjusted, he meekly said, "May I now go, gentlemen?" The drop fell, and the culprit died without a struggle, amid the frantic shouts and cries of the multitude below.

10th April, 1852.—Thomas Wheeler, a young man residing in Darnham-place, Kennington-road, in a fit of insanity, this day murdered his mother, by cutting her throat with a carving-knife; he then cut off her head, which he placed on the table set out for dinner. He was afterwards detained in the criminal ward of Bethlehem Hospital, where he subsequently very nearly murdered a keeper.

11th April, 1859.—The naked body of a man was this day discovered near the Dutton Stairs, at Ramsgate, and under circumstances which at first led to the belief that a murder had been committed. The left hand was cut off at the wrist, the four fingers were cut off from the right hand, the ring finger was cut off between the first and second joints, and in the breast was a deep stab, the immediate cause of death. Inquiries made it more probable that the deceased had committed suicide, and destroyed his clothing, ring, carpet-bag, and all other articles on his person which could be traced for the purpose of avoiding identification. Evidence was adduced to show that he was probably a Dutchman, named Matterig.

11th April, 1872.—Arthur O'Connor was this day tried at the Central Criminal Court for unlawfully pointing a pistol at Her Majesty intending to alarm and cause a breach of the peace. The prisoner pleaded guilty on first being brought up on the 8th, but it was now stated his friends were anxious to establish a plea of insanity. This, however, was overruled, and O'Connor was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and twenty strokes from a birch rod.

On the same day the steamer *Oceanus* blew up on the Mississippi, the wreck afterwards taking fire and burning to the water edge. Out of 100 on board 60 were reported to have lost their lives.

## HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

WELL, we's six, we is. There's Joe and Jack, James, George, and the Baby, as we calls Tot, And me. I'm Emma. I'm eight year old, And I hev got to look arter the blessed lot.

'Cause Mother, you see, she goes out to char. One year, come To-day, Dad took his hook. No, he ain't dead, he ain't. He's in 'Sraliar, Wot's a long way off, if I ain't mistook.



On the Left observe Jack's Right Leg disappearing.

Sometimes Mother gets a bit from the House, 'Cause she's queer sometimes and her cough's that bad. You see we was better off, we was, 'Fore things 'gun to go queer wif' Dad.

Drabbit them kids! I says sometimes; Thet Jo's enough for to send you wild; He's the out-and-outest 'werest imp—I think as Old Thingamy's in the child.

He don't heed a word. He won't come when he's call'd; An' he answers yer, too, with a nasty sneer; An' he went an' he took a 'cidulate drop. And, jst to spite me, cramm'd it into his ear.

An' now, please he's lost his right-hand boot, Whet Mother'll say, I mind quite tell; But it's rather a job to mind Joe, and Jack, James, George, and Tot—that's the Baby—as well.



Jack.

There's James, as has fell in the gutter, he has; A hour ago I put him to bed; And there he is now, all un'ers'd in the street— But jst at you wait here while I go smack his head.

Jack, you bold, brazen, owdacious young scamp, Come here, sir this minute, and drop them mud pies! Where's yer hankycher, Georgy? Oh, drat that boy's nose! As you says, Sir, yes, Baby's a rather big size.

I ain't got no time, Sir, to go to no school; An' what's the good on it I'd like for to know? Mother play'd the pianer when she was a gal, And read and wrote lovely—she's told me so.

But now she goes charin', an' I stops at home, An' fills the tea-kettle, an' sees as it biles; An' looks arter Joe, Jack, Jim, George, and Tot— That's Baby—and does what I can atween whites.



Georgy, with a Bad Cold.

Please, Sir, I hope you ain't the School Board, Sir, And I haven't got Mother in trouble with this; For there's only me to look arter 'em, Sir; And Baby can't walk. Baby, gi' us a kiss.

Green fields! what's that? I niver was there; I don't care for summer, it's so precious 'ot; Nussing Baby?—Maybe, and minding o' Joe, Jack, Jim, and Georgy, and all the lot.

## A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

JONES has been married many, many long, long years; but would at little fact render Jones cynical as to the "calm delight, the sweet pose the true, the real the only Ideal of Perfect Happiness," i.e., the married state? Would it I say? Nay, surely nay! Never! certainly, never! Smith, on the other hand, has been married exactly four weeks; and would that little fact make Smith enthusiastic in the "calm delight" &c. &c. as per above of matrimony? Nay, surely, nay! Never! certainly, never! When Smith returned from his honeymoon trip, Jones went to call. "Nothing no, nothing in this world, Jones, has a got wif!" quoth Smith enthusiastically, as he came to the end of his eulogy of Mrs. S. "Well, I don't know," said Jones, only, as he rose and straightened himself, "sometimes a much-married husband does."

## THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

\* \* For the benefit of the Civilized and Uncivilized World, we have determined to set apart a portion of our very valuable space for Letters from Subscribers on important subjects. N.B.—We are not responsible for the compositions printed, wise or otherwise. Here they are exactly as they are sent to us.

17 SEAHORSE STREET, GOSPORT, April 4th, 1885.

DEAR MISS SLOPER.—What a deal of correspondence you must have. Does Lord Hob assist you in replying to your numerous enquiries? He should, indeed, be a happy man, for my brother says that a man only wants that person sought after by all the other fellows, and certainly every man's thing seems to be after you, dear. I wish I was betrothed, but, instead of having a loved one to take me out and about, my time is occupied in teaching the young idea 'how to shoot.' an' I am cruelly told by my sweet brother that it is only other folks' children I'll have to instruct (or I'll have none of my own). Talking of teaching, we do have such queer analogies for absence. The other day a mother wrote (with reference to her daughter) me 'trog with an acci tent and bring unable to attend' sent the following note:—"Dare Guaviness,—" Ria Smkins fall out of bed last night, and cut hade on article. Please sick on registers." To which I replied I was not up to it. I should like to meet you, Miss Sloper, but I must admit I don't like your P. He is so dreadfully awful, although his Paper is the best comic there is. Send me your photo, please.—Yours sincerely, L. FALKNER.

2 BRIDPORT STREET, BLANDFORD SQUARE, April 3rd, 1885.

MY DEAR ALLY.—Thank you for your autograph, which I received last night, and also for Miss Sloper's photo, which came safely to hand. I enclose two stamps, which I hope will partly reimburse you. More next time. I have not yet read your "HALF-HOLIDAY," as I have not had time this week. I hope you gave my message to Lord Bob, as I think if he doesn't take better care of Miss Sloper some one else had better have a try. The Hon. Billy looks rather sad, ditto Dock Snook. My friends think it very kind of you to send. I shall have your signature framed, and keep it as a memento. Who's "Tootie"? Remember me to all. I remain your friend, A. SLOPER, ESQ. E. EXTON.

P.S.—I suppose your signature gives me the right to put F. O. S. after my name? The photo has made four new readers as yet.

7 ADELAIDE STREET, OXFORD, April 2nd, 1885.

DEAR MR. SLOPER.—I have been oh, so anxious to write an express my admiration of you as a benefactor of the human race; but I was afraid that the letters I had read in your "HALF-HOLIDAY" were fictitious, until I saw one addressed to your daughter from a name and address at Tisbury which I knew was correct. I am not one of those haughty sort of girls who despise people with conspicuous feet, because I know very well that corns and bunions are deplorable things to suffer from, and I therefore pity people who possess them. You have given me many hours of amusement through your jolly "HALF-HOLIDAY," and I should like to thank you for this if I could in a more practical way than by mere words. I have been told that the adheve margin off postage-stamps will always ease, and sometimes entirely cure, corns. You might try it. You need expend no money over it; go into any post-office, and you will surely get some of the margin by simply asking for it. I thought of sending you some Hot + Buns for Good Friday, but some men will not eat them. Are you fond of such things, and do you indulge in eggs at Easter-time? I am fond of eggs myself, but my mamma only allows me, generally, five. How many do you let Miss SLOPER have, and does she grumble? I wish you and your family many happy Easters, and I hope your "HALF-HOLIDAY" may be more successful as each comes round.—Yours very sincerely, ALICE PHIPPS.

## TO A MONGREL.

I DON'T adore your lanky figure,  
Your scanty coat and gleaming eyes,  
At which the pampered poodles snigger  
In safety from their balconies.  
I wish you farther with your howling  
Each dismal night; yet I restrain  
The impetuous bootjack that at prowling  
Tomcat has never sped in vain.  
I don't admire you when you sniff in  
A hungry manner round my calves,  
Where succulence suggests no tiffin  
Awaits you with your better halves.  
Else, therefore, with your fleshless bone,  
For playful Arabs love to maim  
With any handy stick or stone  
The casual dog without a name.

## THE FORCE OF HABIT.

ALLY SLOPER was compelled a short time ago, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, to change his place of abode. Mrs. S was working hard to get the new residence into some sort of order, while the Grand Old Man was smoking his pipe by the fire, calmly watching the labours of his helpmate. "ALLY," observed Mrs. Sloper suddenly, "do you think you could put a blind up?" "I should think so!" replied ALLY, retrospectively; "but they won't lend much on it, and being in a new neighbourhood, in fact, I'm blowed if I know where the nearest pop-shop is." A shower of hammers, empty bottles, tin-tacks, and firewood ultimately convinced the Grand Old Man that he had made a mistake, and he immediately evacuated the premises and went in search of consolation—viz., two of unsweetened warm.

## ROBIN, THE ROBBER.

A SONG.

AWAY from the forge, the whole length of the street,  
To the farm that is leased by old Dobbin,  
I'll wager a handsome r boy you don't meet  
Than Robin—my Robin.  
Oh, fickle men promise, and pester, and pray,  
While around us for ever they're b'bin'—  
He vowed he'd be true, and then quick flew away,  
Like robin—cuck robin.  
Oh, woe to the day when I saw him depart,  
And he left me here cryin' and sobbin'!  
Oh, woe to the day when my poor simple heart  
Came Robin a-robbin'!  
They say he's returned! Should it only be true!  
Oh, my bosom goes pit-a-pat throbbin'!  
Who's that? Oh, my sweetheart, my love, is it you?  
Oh, Robin—dear Robin!

## HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A SCHOOL board that is never elected—A black board. NEVER marry a woman till you know where her dress ends and her soul begins. If a man has but one eye, let him get a wife, and she will be his other I. In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch. THE husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterwards that she disagreed with him. AN old bachelor, as a woman may be surprised, astonished, taken all aback by never doing so. "MRS. LOOMUCH, where's your husband?" "He's dying, marm, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him." A very considerate woman in that. A YOUTH with a turn for figures had five eggs to boil, and, being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them—after an hour and a half. "I've just laid out a thousand pounds in jewellers, for my dear wife," said a fond young husband. "Your dear wife indeed!" sneered an acrimonious old bachelor.

## ONE WIFE TOO MUCH.

By the Author of "Two Babies Too Many."

## CHAPTER XIX.

SHE HOUNDS HIM DOWN.

THANK goodness I am at length alone, and not a moment is to be lost. This bacon into the made a parcel of and this tea emptied into the coal-scuttle. No much for the tea, as long as it does not run out through a crevice anywhere; and now for the bacon! Where is there a piece of paper to wrap it up in before I throw it out of window! She has returned before I have opened the window. I have concealed the bacon on my body, and am dissembling like anything behind the day—before—ye-terday's Standard, upside down.



The Denunciation.

Time has elapsed. I casually observe some moisture on the brown holland floor cover, in the immediate neighbourhood of the coal-scute, and the grease is beginning to come through the paper round the bacon. I must put the bacon in a place of safety, somewhere, for the present. Suppose I put it behind the looking-glass. There is a knock at the door. One of the people belonging to that confounded Omnibus Committee. I'll say I'm out. No, it is too late. Clarissa has bounded upstairs like a greyhound and let him in. He nods to Mrs. Penny with hideous familiarity, and digs me in the ribs with a familiarity which is more hideous still. He says, "It was wettest last night, wasn't it, Major?" Mrs. Penny stares. He adds, "Mops and brooms I call it. Seen some of 'em this morning. They've got heads on to 'em, too, make no mistake. Well, I can't stand it myself, you know. Ain't you rather bad?" I don't exactly know how I do it, but I get him out of the room somehow, and presently get him out of the house, and then, unable to bear up any longer, I pretend I'm busy, and take a fitful sleep in my sanctum sanctorum, with my head in my hands. But the respite is a short one. Mrs. Penny has a nice hot lunch of pork sausages and mashed potatoes prepared for me. The only thing for me to do, as far as I can see, is to go a long walk beyond the boundary of the suburb, and lie down in a lonely field. Meanwhile Mrs. Penny, who is setting the room to-rights, alights suddenly upon that wretched bacon. "Major," she cries, "will you look at this?" I turn another shade of green, and ask, "What is it?" She says, "Clarissa makes parcels of the food to take home to her mother." I exclaim, "Impossible! You must be mistaken." She says, "Who else could have put it here? I will ring the bell and tax her with it at once." Poor, miserable girl, this cannot be; and yet, how can I own that it was I—I, Major Penny?

At this moment Clarissa herself enters the room. "If you please, mum, the paper boy says his mis-sus says as some one's been tearin' bits out of the Times, and you must keep it, please, because it's no good to her now, and she can't send it out to nobody else to read." Deuce take it all in my agitation I must have torn the Times, which I have on the hourly hire system, instead of the Standard, which I buy. "All right," I say, eager to get rid of her anyhow out of the room. "I will pay for it, of course." "See," cries Mrs. Penny, who still clings to the hideous packet of bacon, "this is the identical piece that was torn out. Is it possible?" Upon my word Mrs. Penny really has at times a way of bounding one down, as it were, that there ought to be a limit to, and on the present occasion I feel it my duty to request her as a personal favour to allow time matter to drop. "Why, I do believe," she says, when Clarissa has left the room, "that you've been playing at hiding the bacon all by yourself. Well, that was funny of you, Major!"

I am not able to make a suitable reply to this remark, which at the best, must be allowed to be somewhat ill-placed and unnecessary, before Clarissa has once more burst upon the scene, this time with a distraught air and breathless. "Oh, if you please, mum," she cries, "I do wish master would come and see what it is that's b'ud in the back garden. I am afraid to. I think it's a body." Horrible thought! That Gander!

Mrs. Penny won't leave that 'bus business alone. She says, "You seem to me so eminently suited for it!" "For what?" I ask. I don't know how it is, but I so frequently have to request Mrs. Penny to make her meaning plainer. "For the performance of the duties connected with the management of affairs of that kind," she replies. "By the-by, didn't you tell me there was a button off the neck of one of your shirts?" "All of them, I think," I reply, with withering sarcasm. "I wonder whether I've got buttons enough," she says, with intense seriousness (I don't believe she has the faintest perception of satire). "But if not, Clarissa could run out. No; she's busy—but you, perhaps?" I take no notice. 'Tis true I smile—a bitter smile, but I don't feel equal to a wordy contest. I simply subside behind my Standard, still two days old, and upside down, as before, and ask myself whether I (Major Penny) who had trodden the Eosanguine Field (as I may possibly elsewhere have mentioned), should be expected to pass the autumn of his life fetching and carrying ignominious pennyworths of shirt buttons?

Rap! tap! tap! tap! tap!



Something wrong again.

As I lay down my Standard (right side up this time), I rise with the full determination of wreaking vengeance on the rap-tapist, at this moment bombarding my premises, and who, I have reason to believe, is an itinerant vendor of ground-deli who has been already told, ten times, to my knowledge, that we don't keep a bird. I am, however, mistaken: it is not the young gentleman allured to but a local authority, whom I remember at the omnibus place, and a stranger of semi-military aspect, who wears a check cut away shooting coat and a bilcock hat. Although it is not Groundsel, I must confess I do not feel too delighted, and with but scant courtesy, bid them enter. Boiled (the local authority's name is Boole) says, "I have called upon rather unpleasant business, Major Penny, concerning which, as a future member of our Local Board, I feel it my duty to consult you, and to invite your support and assistance." (To be continued next week.)



MOPS AND BROOMS.  
Will you buy a broom?



THE ZOO—EASTER MONDAY.  
Picture of the Rhinoceros, taken on the spot by  
ALLY'S Special Commi-ioner.



ON THE LINE.  
Where a good many Artists hope their Pictures will be  
in the coming Academy.



Drop a Penny in and the Figures will Work.



CHAP. I.—AT THE STILE.

*She.* Do you love me very, very dearly? *He* Yes, my own.  
*She.* Then when you come down next week to see papa, dearest,  
do wear a tall hat; I do so dote on tall hats, they're so much more  
aristocratic.



CHAP. III.—THE HATCHING OF THE PLOT.

*Conversation overheard between two Bricklayers engaged on repairs at a  
mansion not far from the Hatter's.*

"I say, Jim." "Well, Bill." "'Ere comes a cove in a shiny 'at,  
Jim; shall I 'eave the basket hover on his 'ed, Jim?" "Wots 'e like,  
Bill?" "A Nob, Jim." "Let 'im 'ave it 'ot."



CHAP. V.—AT THE CONTRACTOR'S.

"Look here, sir; What do you think of that for a brand new hat?  
One of your beastly workmen did that, sir! Yes, sir, I repeat one of  
your blackguard mechanics; but you're liable, they're employed by you,  
I'll take legal proceedings for damages. I'm on my way to my solicitor  
now."



CHAP. II.—AT THE HATTER'S.

*Hatter (obsequiously).* Too 'igh in the crown, sir? Not a bit, sir;  
suits your style of 'ed, sir. I've seldom seen a 'at suit a gentleman  
better.



CHAP. IV.—THE VICTIM.

*And they let 'im 'ave it 'ot.*



CHAP. VI.—AT HER FATHER'S COUNTRY SEAT.

*The Denouement.*

"I have come here, sir, to ask you for the hand of your— By  
Jove! the Contractor."

*[General collapse all round.]*



IN THE HIGHLANDS.

*Smith (from London, to Jones from the same place, but in his tourist suit).*  
*Whom have I the honour of addressing.*  
*Jones (in his chaffy way).* His Grace the Duke of Kalliecrakie, Sir.  
*Smith (in his chaffy way).* Bless me. From the petticoats, I should have thought  
you were the Duchess.



THE FISHING SEASON.

*Tommy.* Hold tight, Billy, I've got a bite.  
*Billy.* Look sharp, then, or I shall hev to leave go.



A friend of the Eminent's sends to the Academy an  
oil picture of white doves standing in water, the effect  
being enhanced by swans.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

What did I get a fighting for? Well, he said he'd spoil my Beauty, and I asked  
him to try, and he went as far as he could—that's all.